

119-120.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

Disce-Quasi-Semper-Victurus...Vive-Quasi-Cras-Moriturus

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Notre Dame Spirit Number

NOTRE DAME SPIRIT

Knute Rockne

Our Heritage

A Poem—Cornelius Shea

Just Among Ourselves

An Anonymous Author Looks at Notre Dame Religion

A Study In Opaque

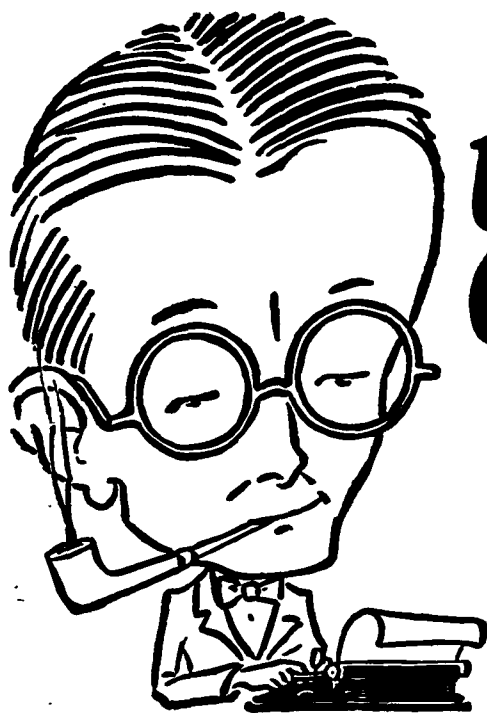
A Student's Impressions—Francis Collins Miller

Speaking of A Genuine Thrill

The Twin Captains Tell About Football's "Kick"

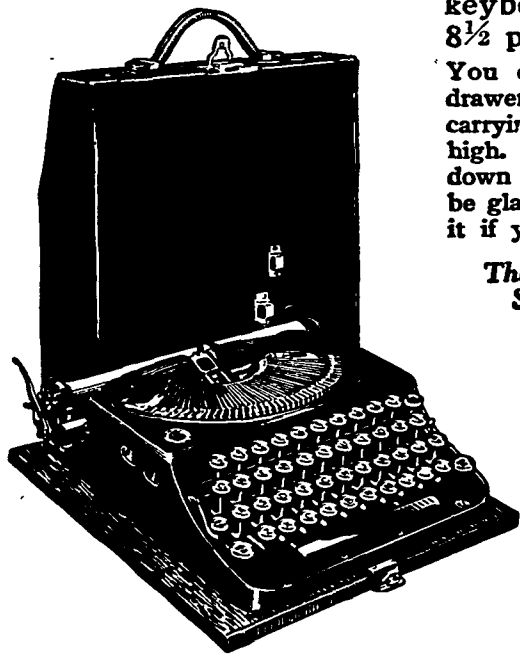
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ON THE CORNER

MICHIGAN AND WASHINGTON

The Pilot's Letter

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Walter J. Addema

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The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men

Our Heritage



*Once where only a rude oak chapel stood
The western point of culture in our land
There is a golden dome, a beckoning hand—
A cross that stands high—valiantly for good.
And so it was begun—our heritage
Born of a dream—matured in work and death
To men with courage given prayer for breath
To dare the cuter wilds of primal age
And faith, their sacrifice, a tiny seed
Sewn where the fertile faith of fighting men
Who fought all hardships gloriously and then
Gave their souls to God and for their creed
A heritage, oh Notre Dame above
All wealth, all gold—a heritage of love.*

—CORNELIUS SHEA



THE WEEK

Now that most of the freshmen have learned that the Main Building steps bear no relation to the ladder of success and the line at the "Caf" grows in proportion to the aptitude for nourishment we feel as safe as a Florida realtor in stating that the storm has passed.

This week the campus spotlight has been focused on the main quadrangle where Bishop Noll has been conducting one of the most successful missions in the history of Notre Dame. The avenues of the campus have led to the church early and late; and although the spirit of our university could possibly be portrayed in a more spectacular fashion we feel that it could not be presented in a more sincere or truthful manner. Other universities often pass materialistic objects from one class to another in order that the spirit might live. Here, when the mission has terminated every man finds embodied within his own person the spirit that lives in the hearts of all Notre Dame men.

Of great importance this week was the initial appearance of the well known Bearskin who pens gridiron wisdom for the *Tribune* downtown. We are not in a position to state why he is a member of a newspaper staff. Possibly he is a relative of the editor or again perhaps the editor lost a bet on the recent fight at Philadelphia. Evidently he heard the game last Saturday over the radio and then attempted to record his impressions. We are confident that Rock will appreciate his suggestions and give them weighty consideration but then again, Rockne has always possessed an excellent sense of humor even when it was placed on the sporting page.

The first celebrity to visit Cartier Field this season was Babe Ruth. He donned the moleskins long enough to add several snapshots with the varsity to his collection and to see what kind of a kick he could get out

of a football. The Yanks were scheduled to play an exhibition game in South Bend but instead of the local team losing the heavens opened up and the insurance company was on the short end of the score.

The clubs are beginning to fly and the new officers are vainly searching the campus for signs of printers to post notices of meetings. There have been successful ones but then we know that you have noticed the productions yourself. Joe Nulty's New Jersey club have gone in for the future things in life and plans have been forwarded whereby the student trip will take us to New York next year. The Monogram club who sponsored the Absurdities last year have met and plans laid for the usual bigger and better year. Saturday night the Scholarship club presents the first dance of the year at Playland Park. Though many fellows would like to bring the girl of last summer local talent will have to furnish the speed.

Those fellows who are satisfied with what talking can produce, who are sometimes known as the Wranglers, initiated the season at the same time they did the new members, thereby killing two birds with one stone or were there two?

Spurred on by the triumph of Gene Tunney, the local leather pushers are working out in the gym in preparation for the Fall leather season. Those long winded runners are again traversing overland throughout the countryside, thereby proving that the trees are not alone in their bareness these cool days.

Not satisfied with the breakfast food signs that grace the campus Abbott conducted the first pep meeting of the season in the gym Wednesday. Close on its heels came the rally Thursday night where captains and coaches united to express the feelings of the team before the Beloit game.

Hello!

—W. H. L.

Notre Dame Spirit

K. K. ROCKNE

Some one has said that man is a rational animal—this may or may not be so. My observation has been that he is influenced more by his emotions than by his mind. In my opinion emotions of the right kind are a very important factor in the lives of young men and decidedly influence their success.

In any institution where gloom, pessimism, skepticism, despair, hatred, overconfi-

done and fairly, are ever present on the campus. These are reflected more in the athletic contests because of their nature than in any other activity.

The school is confident of its teams—behind its teams to a man and every student fights just as hard as any member of the team. Yet they are courteous to the visitors and every student takes it upon himself to treat a visiting athlete just as though he



ROCKNE WITH FLANAGAN, ENRIGHT, CAPTS. HEARDEN AND EDWARDS

dence, egotistical blatancy and other negative emotions are given free reign, the spirit cannot be wholesome. The unhealthy results of such an environment are reflected more manifestly in athletic teams, though there is no doubt but what such an atmosphere has a decidedly detersing effect on the work of every student in the institution.

When one speaks of the Notre Dame spirit, however, what does he mean? To one who has ever been in contact with it or under its influence it will never be forgotten. Joy, hope, enthusiasm, normal confidence, faith, and the thrilling ecstasy of duty well

were a guest in his own home.

That most base of emotions—hatred—does not enter into our athletic contests but instead the spirit is one of exhilaration, the joy of a contest well fought between men.

If we win, we brag a little but not much. If we lose, we buck up and shut up, principally the latter. A Notre Dame man may be down but he is never out and that spirit of hope, faith and determination to succeed is typically Notre Dame and you will find it present in certain amounts in every man who has ever been fortunate enough to study at the old school.

BELOIT COACH SAYS TEAM NOT GOOD AS LAST YEAR

Asked by the SCHOLASTIC for a pre-game statement, Roy Bohler, coach of the Beloit warriors who engage Notre Dame on the gridiron tomorrow, said he had no definite statement to make, but said that "the Beloit squad of this year does not begin to compare with the team of last year."

"We have a squad of twenty-five men," said Bohler, "of whom four have had previous experience. Two backfield men and two linemen are veterans. Of the twenty-five only five are backfield men so I have never been able to line up more than one team at a time. On the line we have two old men and the rest are all men playing for the first time. In other words, it is a squad of twenty-five inexperienced players lining up against a squad of one hundred experienced men. Darling at center is the only man playing this year that started the game last year. Grady, the captain, played in part of the game. Vandolah, another letter man, did not play at all. Calvert, guard, is the other man who won a letter last year."

The probable line-up to start the game tomorrow, according to Coach Bohler, follows:

Kinnel, left end; Rasinski, left tackle; Linne, left guard; Darling, center; Nieman, right guard; Hill, right tackle; Righy or Balch, right end; Lawrence, quarter; Smith, left half; Capt. Grady, right half; Vandolah, full back.

M'GUIRE ADDRESSES SCRIBBLERS

Harry A. McGuire, '25, who was one of Notre Dame's most active student writers during his four years here, addressed a special meeting of the Scribblers in the Library at 12:30 Friday. His talk concerned itself mostly with matters of general interest to Scribblers. McGuire was on his way to Yale, where he is taking Baker's special course in Playwriting.

The banquet which the Scribblers were to have held Monday evening was canceled because of the mission. A meeting will be held in the Library again Monday night.

"HELLO" WEEK TO BE OBSERVED

The S. A. C. has set aside the week of October 4 to 11 as "Hello" Week. Tags bearing the word "Hello" will be distributed to all students to wear in a prominent place on their coats. The object of this "Hello" week program is to promote a more fraternal spirit among the new and old students, and among students with professors. The recent rapid growth of Notre Dame has necessitated widely separated residence among the students. This has been accompanied by a more limited acquaintance among students, and a loss of the family unity so closely connected with Notre Dame life. Three years ago "Hello" Week was first observed with gratifying results. Dick Hennessey, Senior President, is chairman of the "Hello" Week committee.

CHANGES MADE IN FACULTY

Several changes in the make-up of the faculty have taken place this year. The Very Reverend George Finnegan, C.S.C., formerly vice-president of the University, was made provincial of the United States and the vice-presidency of the University which Father Finnigan vacated was filled by The Rev. Patrick J. Carroll, C.S.C. Because of ill health, Rev. Leigh Hubbell, C.S.C., was forced to resign as director of studies. His place will be filled by Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C.S.C., who was director of studies under Father Cavanaugh. Rev. J. C. McGinn, C.S.C., and Rev. Walter Lavin, C.S.C., have been transferred to Columbia College at Portland, Ore., while Rev. Bernard Ill, C.S.C., and Rev. Charles Doremus, C.S.C., have returned from Portland to the University. Rev. George McNamara, C.S.C., and Rev. Cornelius Hagerty have been transferred to St. Edward's University, Austin, Texas, while Rev. John Farley, C.S.C., comes back to the Univ. from Columbia to take charge of the Off-Campus students. Brother Allen, who has been in Brownson Hall for 16 years is now rector of Carroll Hall. Brother Maurilius who has been in the candy store for ten years will prefect in Carroll this year.

Mrs. Ellen Jolly Presents Key

F. J. PENDERGAST

Ellen Ryan Jolly, LL.D., past President of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and the only woman to hold an honorary degree from Notre Dame, conferred in 1918, visited the Uni-



versity last week to present the key of the new \$100,000 monument recently erected in Washington, D. C., by her order in honor of the "Nuns of the Battlefield." Reverend Matthew Walsh, C.S.C., President of the University, received the key in the name of Notre Dame Monday noon, September 27.

In 1914, while attending a Hibernian convention as President of the Ladies' Auxiliary, Mrs. Jolly suggested the erection of this monument in commemoration of the various Orders of Sisters who had served as nurses on the battlefields of the Civil War. The suggestion was readily accepted, and Mrs. Jolly appointed to secure from the Government, as a sign of recognition, a site

for the monument. This she accomplished after much difficulty and delay due to unfriendly legislators. The bill for the site, introduced to the House by Congressman Ambrose Kennedy of Rhode Island on the feast of St. Bridget, 1918, was sponsored by Speaker Champ Clark. It was passed unanimously on the feast of St. Patrick. In the Senate the Bill was presented by the late Secretary of War J. W. Weeks, then Senator from Massachusetts. Passed in the Senate, the Bill was signed by President Wilson at 2:45 p. m. on Good Friday. The pen of pearl and gold used by the President to sign the bill was sent to Mrs. Jolly as a souvenir. This historic pen she presented to Notre Dame through Reverend John Cavanaugh, President, on the feast of St. Columbkille, 1918, in memory of her son, J. P. Ryan Jolly, onetime student here.

The monument of pink Milford granite, paid for by the Ladies' Auxiliary and votive offerings from the parent Order of Hibernians, has been erected on a most desirable spot in the National Capitol. Twelve life size figures of nuns, representing the twelve Orders that served during the Civil War, stand out in relief on the bronze panel of the statue. The monument was unveiled by Mrs. Jolly on September 20, 1924, amid imposing ceremonies attended by prominent Church and Government officials.

The key to the monument was presented to Mrs. Jolly by Lieutenant-Colonel C. E. Sherrill, U.S.A. She is now presenting the key to Notre Dame as a companion to the pen. The key, to which is attached the Blue and Gold of Notre Dame, rests on a field of emerald green to which it is attached by a chain bearing the national colors of Red, White, and Blue. The reliquary of the key is made of wood taken from the back pew of the historic Church of St. Francis Xavier at Gettysburg. During and after the three days battle of July 1, 2, and 3, 1863, this Church was used as a hospital. Among the

Chaplain was Fr. Corby, C.S.C., who gave general absolution to the army before the battle. Soldiers were laid upon pews, in the aisles, on the floor of the sanctuary, and in the organ loft. The last pew always had an occupant. Wood from this pew was sent to Mrs. Jolly by Reverend Mark E. Stock, the pastor. The reliquary was made by Brother Columbkille from designs furnished by Brother Alden. The dedication panel on the inside of the cover was designed by Reverend Charles O'Donnell, and drawn by Professor Ackerman.

Much credit is due to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and the Ladies' Auxiliary for the fine work performed. At present markers are being placed on the graves of the nuns.

Mrs. Jolly is now finishing a book, "The Nuns of the Battlefield" in which she sums up her proofs of the service rendered during the Civil War by these sisters.

DAVIS LAUDS IRISH SCRIBES

Writing in Harper's Magazine for October, Elmer Davis, under the head "Have Faith in Indiana," gives several paragraphs to the Culver Military Academy Literary Day of last year, at which Notre Dame men took four prizes, scooping all the schools of the state for number of winners. Davis describes the events at Culver with striking faithfulness.

The paragraph relating to Notre Dame reads: "Incidentally, students of the Catholic schools of the state won about one-half of these prizes, which ought to reassure the Klansmen that Catholic Hoosiers are after all Hoosiers of purest ray serene. Perhaps it will, for Hoosier Catholicism contains one notable institution which never seems to have incurred the hostility that frowns upon the Pope and his other works—the Notre Dame football team."

BROWNSON "REC" GROWING

The managers of the Brownson "rec" room, Mike O'Keefe and Joe Geraghty, have found it necessary to add another pool table to accommodate their increasing business.

Campus Opinion

QUESTION: *What is the greatest example of Notre Dame spirit you ever witnessed?*

MARK E. NEVILS, (Sorin).

"The Notre Dame student body's welcome to the Fighting Irish on their return to South Bend after being defeated by Army last year is the most impressive example of Notre Dame spirit I've ever witnessed.

ROBERT X. GAVIN, (Sorin).

"Remember May 17, 1924? The game, N. D. vs. K. K. K. was called by Father Walsh on account of roughness. The obedience shown his request and the march out to school was the greatest display of Notre Dame loyalty I ever saw."

RAYMOND SNYDER, (Sorin).

"Whenever I think of Notre Dame spirit I recall the Northwestern game here last year. Our football team certainly gave us a supreme example of Notre Dame fight during the last half of that game."

RAY DAHMAN, (Sorin).

"In athletics I have witnessed many striking examples, but the true Notre Dame spirit is under demonstration at the present writing. At no time in any four years have so many upperclassmen received daily Communion, at a mission or elsewhere. This is what I call *real spirit*. *Stick to it.*"

GIFT TO LAW LIBRARY

The Law Library of the University has been augmented by the valuable and generous gift of the 1,500 book library of the late Lieutenant-Governor Edward J. McDermott of Kentucky. Lieutenant-Governor McDermott was one of the foremost attorneys of Kentucky and one of the state's most prominent Catholics.

John Whitman, '25, Law Librarian, installed the new addition in the College of Law Library this summer. The late Mr. McDermott was a personal friend of the Very Rev. John Cavanaugh.

Just Among Ourselves

ANONYMOUS

If the labor connected with increasing devotion to the Blessed Sacrament on the campus at Notre Dame were merely a deterrent to sin, an attempt to check depravity among university students, it would be commendable; but how much more inner-vating the stimulus for us, how much more willingly and persistently should we further the work and lighten the burden of those directing it when we realize that its positive phase, the inspiring of growth in virtue—in faith and hope and love—among students, leading them to love God, to serve Him, to suffer for Him, is the stronger.

That young men welcome a stimulus to higher impulses no one will deny. No matter how varied the approach, every normal individual yearns implicitly for the Infinite, and his greatest problem is to effect an emergence out of the material into the spiritual. But since in this matter success has never attended the efforts of man unaided by God and the things of God, is it not stupid to persist in "practical" remedies for the present ills of mankind—in religion, in government, in society, in diplomacy, or in war? Notre Dame men realize that it is.

Everyone interested in the training of youth knows how successfully the Fathers of Holy Cross are striving to mould and fashion men; but it will be interesting for us on the campus to know that frequent Communion is not the final goal to which these educators aspire. They seek to lead frequent Communicants to personal direction. We are urged to give ourselves unservedly to a specialist in the formation of character just as we would rely implicitly on the medical or legal man for aid in his field.

If we see the point to placing ourselves under the direction of a priest who will work the flaws out of our characters, we initiate the procedure by getting a copy of "Perseverance" at the Pamphlet Rack. Many who have tried the new life have shown their sincerity attesting the helpfulness of

various forms of spiritual exercise. These activities included visits to the Grotto ("A candle a day keeps the devil away"), reliance on the Three Hail Marys (a favorite prayer at the Grotto), the morning dedication of every act of the day as an act of worship with a prayer that each may be made more worthy, acts of reparation for others through denial of self, aspirations and spiritual Communion as often as they think of them during the day, maintaining apostolates among fellow students, contemplation of the crucifix hung on bed or wall, daily Communion with the serving of Mass, the making of Novenas continuously, offering spiritual bouquets, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, the keeping of a religious journal for the month of October or of May to realize their right to be called knights of Our Lady, saying the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, joining the Third Order of St. Francis (particularly pertinent during the septecentenary now being celebrated), meditating, forming of groups for reading aloud of pamphlets from the Rack, spiritual reading, and so forth.

One of the most popular biographies for spiritual reading has been O'Rahilly's *Life of Father Doyle*. If any fellow doesn't get the possibility behind Father Doyle's aspiration, "Jesus, make me a saint," let him read Father Martindale's "St. Aloysius" and Sister Eleanore's *Troubadours of Paradise* to realize the humanness of saints.

It is fitting that Notre Dame should give impetus to deeper devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, for it was on the campus that Father Sorin, the founder of the University, began nocturnal adoration seventy years ago. It was on this campus that the first American Eucharistic Congress was held, and it was here that the Silver Jubilee of the Congress was held seven years ago.

The apsidal chapel behind the main altar in the Church was built with perpetual adoration in mind. If by our presence in the Sanctuary on the First Friday of the

month we show ourselves worthy of the privilege, dare we not dream of a return to the realization of Father Sorin's ideal? May we not, in the meantime, live to see the realization of a dream long cherished—that of having members of the graduating class spend their last night on the campus keeping vigil before the Blessed Sacrament so that they may the more staunchly maintain their spirituality after they leave and may go the more thoroughly convinced that “to work the will of God is the only thing commensurate with man's dignity and his imperial destiny?” That is the message the Blessed Sacrament holds for us; and it is obligatory upon us who live in “the City of the Blessed Sacrament” to strive to realize our heritage and to be worthy of it.

JERSEYITES BOOST ARMY TRIP

Father Farley, off-campus rector, formerly of Paterson, New Jersey, was elected to the honorary presidency of the New Jersey Club at a meeting of that organization last Friday evening in the Badin recreation room.

Also at the time, the club took the initiative in sponsoring the cause for a student trip to the Notre Dame-Army game at New York City by petitioning to the Students' Activities Council and the faculty board of the control of athletics.

President Joe Nulty appointed an activities committee for the year which consists of: Russell Riley, chairman; Joe Abbott, Jack Reilly, John Colrick, and Tom Hughes. The other officers of the organization are: Jerry Froehlich, vice-president; William F. Brown, Jr., secretary, and William Degnan, treasurer.

JUGGLER OFFERS PRIZES

The *Juggler* is again offering prizes for the best work submitted for the Freshman number, to appear on the campus soon. The prizes are five dollars each for the best art work and literary work. Contributions close October 2.

SOLID CHEERING SECTION

FOR HOME GAMES

Realizing that a solid cheering section is necessary and most advantageous to the team, the Football Ticket Committee has endorsed the following plan for distribution of tickets and the seating of students for all home games; coupon books will admit students to the Beloit game but seats for the remaining home contests must be received by trading in the coupon books for reserved seats.

The student section will begin on the fifty yard line of the East stands and extend north. Tickets will be distributed in the following manner. First choice will go to Seniors who will be entitled to one extra ticket; second choice will go to the Juniors who do not want an extra ticket. Then to the sophomores who do not want an extra ticket; fourth choice will be allotted freshmen who can not have an extra ticket; fifth to juniors who want another ticket, and sixth to sophomores who would like to have an extra ticket. All students should watch the bulletin boards for posters telling when their class is to receive tickets.

It will be necessary for students to be at the specified place at the specified time in order to receive tickets. No tickets shall be distributed to any member of any class except on the date set aside for that purpose.

REV. CHARLES O'DONNELL HONORED

Theodore Maynard, noted author and lecturer on literature, says in his article on Poetry in the September issue of *Thought*: “During the war and since the war there has been a formidable outburst of poetry in America. In that movement Catholics have taken their part, and though few new names of outstanding importance have arisen among them, so much good work is being done in all parts of the country that the future is bright with promise. The best of these younger poets is Father Charles L. O'Donnell, a not unworthy successor to Tabb, Aline Kilmer and Francis Carlin. All these have done work of genuine distinction, and will probably do things greater than they have yet accomplished.”

PUBLICITY BUREAU FURNISHES DAILIES WITH RELIABLE STORIES

Notre Dame is the land of rampant rumors.

Certainly there's no denying that. Press stories telling fantastical, even foolish tales of the inner workings of the University have at times been disseminated by overzealous reporters to all parts of the globe. Their number is legion, especially in connection with the doings of one Mr. Rockne's famed "Fighting Irish."

Last year the University took a step toward abolishing the half-speculative activities under which the national press were forced to work when desiring information about Notre Dame and started for the first time its own news bureau. James E. Armstrong, '25, now Alumni Secretary, was the first director.

This year the work is to be carried on and as one campus writer so aptly put it "Coolidge has his spokesman so why not Rock?" The Athletic News Bureau has been helping Uncle Sam get in a place to declare extra dividends ever since the start of this month. When going at full speed it expects to send out on an average of one thousand envelopes with the regular mimeographed news matter in addition to furnishing the national syndicates with information, photos and so forth along with daily wire service and special articles for the larger papers.

A special mat service will be inaugurated under the present director of the Athletic News Bureau for the first time. This will endeavor to furnish papers from coast to coast with stereotype mats and insure Notre Dame athletes having pictures in papers in every part of the country. The superiority of a mat service is generally recognized in all publicity work and the adding of this is looked upon as a step in the right direction.

Several innovations in the manner of sending out copy have been worked out and are now in use. Among the most practical and valuable of these is the guarantee given papers that their material will not be duplicated in their city. This insures protection

for the papers and the clipping service has already shown that many sports editors appreciate this move and Notre Dame material is being reprinted more frequently. It means time saved for the man with the pencil and new and interesting stories all the time for the reading public.

The athletic publicity work this year is under the direction of Joseph P. McNamara, who served last year as assistant for some time and took over the reins a month or so before school ended in June. McNamara was formerly Sports Editor of the SCHOLASTIC. He is also connected with the *Dome* of '27, the *Juggler*, and the *Alumnus*.

McNamara is the only man authorized to send out copy concerning any of Notre Dame's teams and will appreciate any tips, hints or other aid given him. His office is in the Athletic Association rooms.

FRESHMAN MISSION HELD

The Freshman Mission, conducted by Rev. Fr. Burke, C.S.C., during the week September 19-25, was attended by large groups each morning and evening. Fr. Burke stressed interests prominent in the life of first year men in his interesting sermons. The forceful and pointed method he used in delivering his talks brought favorable comment from many students.

BISHOP NOLL CONDUCTS MISSION

Right Rev. John F. Noll, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne, conducted the Upperclassman Mission, September 26—October 2. Capacity crowds attended every morning for Mass and Instruction on the Commandments of God. All available space in Sacred Heart Chapel was utilized for temporary seats for the evening sermons and Benediction. The large number of frequent Communicants at both the Freshman and Upperclassman mission was a notable feature. One priest, often assisted by another, gave Communion throughout the Mass, and again after the services were over.

HELLO!

Remember "Hello Week." Be pleasant to everyone you meet. Say hello.

EDITORIAL

KNOW THY HERITAGE

We were aware of the Spirit of Notre Dame—who, touching it, could fail to be aware of it? We had seen public manifestations of that spirit; we had watched the three-mile march of two thousand men through a bitter winter morning—the march that ended in a tremendous welcome to a defeated team; we had witnessed the sacrifices made for Notre Dame's religion; we had read of the self-giving of Sorin and Corby and like heroes, who gave of their flesh and blood until they became almost pure spirits themselves, so that their hearts grew too large for their bodies and they were called to a place where no heart is too large nor any spirit too pure. These things and more and more we had seen or heard or read. But still we felt that we had not plumbed deep enough into the great heart of Notre Dame; still we thought that there must be hidden heroisms as yet unsung, unpublished epics as yet unpened. So we talked with one who knows more of the souls of Notre Dame men than any other. And he told us of these things:

Of Captain Jerry Murphy, who was blown to bits in the turmoil of strange France, and whose shattered hand was found, tightly, indomitably clutching his rosary.

Of William Dockman, who said "I tried, but I missed," and smiled while he watched the life drain from his two severed legs, torn by the wheels of a freight train; and of the mother of that boy, who wrote on black-bordered stationery "I am proud to be the mother of him; and we have three more and a daughter, so you see what a lucky little mother I am." A Notre Dame mother—lucky, she said, while her son lay nearby in his coffin!

Of another war-time soldier of Notre Dame who never once sent an enemy to his

death without somehow breathing a prayer for the repose of his soul.

Of Edwin Rowley, stricken by an onrushing auto, who had his rosary in the pocket of his dress suit and must have been telling his beads while he walked to school after a dance.

Of George Gipp, whose spirit lives in the dash of cleated feet on Cartier Field, and who was baptized on his death-bed the day after a novena made by the students ended.

Of Jimmie Powers, whose neck was broken in a spirited tackle, who lay bound from head to foot in a plaster cast while fever and pain ravaged his body with torture, and who yet smiled and said he felt "fine" while he offered his sufferings for the conversion of lax Notre Dame men.

Of another dying son of Notre Dame who regained consciousness each time the Eucharist was offered him, who recognized priests and sisters, who offered his sufferings for the conversion of his father and failed to once recognize him during the two days his parent was present. The father remained hardened while his son's delirium waned into eternity.

All these things we were told; and these are only a few examples—but they will serve. The SCHOLASTIC has tried in this issue to reflect some of the spirit of Notre Dame off as well as on the athletic field; we have tried to tell something of the spirit that functions away from the cheering sections. But the Spirit Number must not die with this issue. Notre Dame men must continue to tell the beautiful heritage that is our's. Let this number continue orally and by the written word throughout this year and the years that follow, so that all the world may in time come to know and love the Spirit of Our Lady and of her sons.

—J. A. B.

HOBNAILS

"SOMEONE"

*I sought to join our hands in prayer,
But found that only mine were there;
I prayed alone!
And when our parting came at eve,
I saw but one heart ache and grieve;
And that, my own!*

*I heard the strains of symphony,
But saddened, for you were with me,
And heard them not!
One moment, I had said "goodbye,"
And then, before my tears were dry—
You had forgot!*

—NORB ENGELS.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The special bus which will carry the students of Lyons Hall on that hall's trip to the Beloit game will leave the building at one o'clock, tomorrow. Officials of the bus line believe that the trip can be safely made in an hour and a half, and that the bus will arrive at Cartier Field some time before the kick-off.

A THOUGHT

*The sun strikes
The golden Dome
Of Notre Dame
And rebounds
Into the faces
Of her men
Who seek the light
Of Truth.*

—HENRY JAMES STUCKART, '30.

PARIS ON PARADE

BY R. F. WILSON

Here is a book that is a successful attempt by its author, Mr. Wilson, to take a step further in telling about Paris than the mere registration of the fortuitous eccentricities of Parisian life, which exists only for the inexperienced summer tourist. Through its pleasant pages, the author gives us a view of French life that a Frenchman would have no difficulty in recognizing. The volume is not only pleasing to the prospective tourist, but will also prove a delight to the arm-chair voyager.

—FRANGELICO.

DON'T YOU KNOW?

Dear Cy:—Be frank with me. Just what is it all about?

—HOWARD HALLER.

NOTRE DAME DE PARIS

Hot blazing sun. . . sweltering heat, discomfort.
Cathedral, dim mellow light, soothing coolness, comfort.

Ave Maria. . . muffled strains. . . chanting monks. . . faint echoes. . . silence. Grandeur. . . sublime awe.

Crushed jewels. Chanting monks. . . dying echoes. . . footsteps. . . creaking door. . .

Blazing sun, sweltering heat. . . happiness.

—N. LOTI.

Monsieur Loti, who is an artist, and one of the few true artists we know, has submitted this week a parody on a form of fiction which is enjoying great popularity at present. It proves that Monsieur Loti is not only an artist, but a humorist as well. Read "Symond Lick," on page 50. It makes no pretense as being literary; but it is funny as—well, it's very funny.

WRITTEN MOSTLY IN INK

You had always treated me like a gentleman, although I came from the stockyards district, where the drinks are never too strong and the smell is never too weak. . . .

So I took you to the park. All day we played and made mud pies, until you were tired and quite snappy. You told me of the beauty of the trees, and of the paper strewn grass. And you would love me always!

But you hit me on the head with a mallet and took my pocketbook when you left.

—THE BOOB.

HE DID NOT COUNT

A mere student
Of the University of Pekin
Once asked Mu Li, the great professor,
A question.
Mu Li, who could not answer it, said,
You are a fool.
What a wise man is Mu Li!
Said all the students,
As they passed from the room.
All the students but one,
And he was only a fool.

—LI CHAN.

We sowed a little verse and have reaped poetry, but where, O, where are the humorists hiding? We really don't want much; just about half-a-dozen contribs who are funny. And don't push!

—CYRANO OF CHICAGO.

LITERARY

*A Study in Opaque**Impressions on Returning to the Campus*

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER

BESIEGED by Yellows, yapped at by paper boys, tugged at by urchins who want to go to the Castle, hand-shook and jammed in lines. . . all experiences of the first week.

Moving in . . . getting things to 'fix up the room' at Kresky . . . changing classes . . . committing enormities of correspondence.

Football! Secret practices . . . conjectures on the first game . . . collecting football schedules from Hullie's and others . . . getting dates for home games, particularly the Indiana argument.

Maimed by exigencies of assignments; foul balls and hotsies.

What college men wear . . . what they please. Reading critiques on college dressing . . . putting knickers back in the trunk until next spring . . . at least . . . advent of corduroys . . . economy . . . allowance insufficient, dispatch letter home for where-with . . . !

Chop suey and chow-chow at the South Bend Inn, with variations . . . glamour of falling leaves and autumnal splendors . . . climatic change of date for the first home game.

Reading that Yale boys have decided to stick to peanut caps this winter. Topping . . . excellent.

A girl in a black satin dress . . . stunning . . . pursuing.

Dancing . . . the Black Bottom . . . Low Down . . . the Indiana . . . the Valencia . . . Baby Face . . . Barnyard Shuffle . . . "Bye, Bye Blackbird" . . . 'When the Red, Red Robin . . .'

Cleaning out the pipes . . . a quid of Mail Pouch.

French sheets on dormitory beds . . . Brownson and Carroll . . . pranks.

Had a good summer? Fine. Hozzat? Worked lots . . . mixing concrete. Didn't save a thing . . . too much good time . . . see you around . . . where you livin'? When'd you get in? . . . old times . . . you remember when. . . .

Profanity at O. A. for obdurate beefsteak and unyielding hamburg steaks . . . meal tickets.

Hunting texts . . . logics, psychologies, histories, notebooks . . . trafficker in old books.

Correspondence from summer acquaintances . . . forgetting vacation girls . . . researching in the library . . . duties.

Indefatigable professors . . . fatigable students.

Regimentals of the gridiron . . . pep meetings . . . rehearsing the "siren" . . . the locomotive . . . the Victory Song . . . everybody urged to learn the Hike Song . . . every word!

Football . . . sports pages . . . trying to get bets . . . wary enemies.



Symond Lick

Or

*The Unclutching of Little Nell from the
Clutches of Bled-Eye Pete.*

N. LOTI

ONE SHOT from his trusty rifle and twenty Indians bit the dust; then all was silence.

Symond Lick breathed a sigh of relief. This attack upon him, he said to himself, was undoubtedly the work of Bled-Eye Pete. Again, he had just narrowly escaped death. This bunch of blood-thirsty Indians had forced him to the edge of the cliff at the bottom of which Symond knew death had awaited him. Again his great presence of mind had saved him; this superhuman mind that told him of the presence of a rifle in his right hand when danger became so imminent. Of course the rest was simple. What were twenty Indians to our hero? Pooh, pooh.

So here was Symond, breathing his second sigh of relief, when suddenly he remembered that he had some nasty work ahead of him; and by golly, dangerous work it was too. But shucks, what was danger to Symond, who seemed to thrive on the blood of villains? Yes, he must have the gal, our little Nell, who fell into the clutches of that villain, Bled-Eye Pete, curse him. He must save her by all means, even at the expense of his life, although he was tacitly aware of the infallibility promised him by the author. With a very dramatic flourish and setting his handsome face in the characteristic expression for heroes, thoroughly memorized from chapter two, page 69, of his correspondence course on *How to be an Actor Overnight*, he lightly sprang on his good "ole" pinto and blithely galloped away.

He fumed with rage and anger as he recalled how once more this cursed villain, Bled-Eye Pete, had stolen the gal. Bled-Eye, the bad man from Knock-Kneed Gulch, was the toughest "egg" ever hatched. At fifty yards he could shoot off a fly's leg from the second joint down and with equal facility

swallow a gallon or two of pure grain alcohol without a quiver of the proverbial eyelash. Yessir, Bled-Eye was bad—and nasty. However, our hero feared him not; far be it from such. Often they had been engaged in mortal duels in which Symond was invariably shot through the heart, but always he managed to get well again and renew stern vows of revenge. As he rode on, he firmly resolved that this time he would plug Bled-Eye so full of holes that he would turn him from a pest and nuisance to a public benefactor in the capacity of a sieve.

For ten days and nights Symond rode on stopping for neither eat nor drink. While passing through the ill-ventilated town of Limburgher he perceived, leaning against the saloon, one of his enemy's henchmen disguised as a bootlegger. Quickly, and as fresh as a daisy, he jumped from his dust-covered horse and before his victim could say "Boo," had him covered.

"Where's Bled-Eye?" snarled Symond.

"I dunno," weakly replied the henchman with a feeble display of bravery. But soon under the wilting gaze of our hero's hypnotic eye, he broke down and confessed, revealing Pete's hiding place. With a permissible oath, Symond shot him dead and sprang on his pinto. Yes sir, this time Pete was going to get all that was coming to him. This fact could be easily read from the portentous expression of cyclonic sweetness that had settled over Lick's face as he galloped on heedless of fatigue or hunger.

He soon reached the heights of Low-Down hill from which he spied his objective. With a smile of satisfaction he dismounted and tied his horse to a tree. Then for five miles he crawled on his stomach through cactus and underbrush. Symond had always been known for his caution. At last he came

upon a tumbled-down, weather-beaten, grey old shack, the hiding place of the snake, Bled-Eye Pete.

Cautiously Symond crept up to the door. Making sure that there was no one lying in ambush, he gave the silver knocker three resounding whacks with the butt of his favorite six-shooter. Brusquely, the door was thrown open, and Ben Turpin's double, in the capacity of a butler, presented himself.

"Yoah cawd," he yawned with a genuine imported accent.

For reply Symond shot a conveniently passing rattler. In the twinkle of an eye he had it skinned and filled it full of bullets.

"Here," he said, "give this to your master and tell him that it's from me, Symond Lick, who awaits without."

As soon as the door was slammed in his face, his active mind told him that it would be very imprudent and unhealthy to stand in the doorway. Once more he dropped on his calloused stomach and cautiously made his way to the back porch, where he disguised himself as an ice-man. He knocked at the door and was immediately admitted by the French cook. Through the kitchen door he could hear the bellowing voice of Pete swearing orders.

"Get my gats," he roared, "and I'll show this damn idiot once and for all what it means to insult me, Bled-Eye Pete, boss of Knock-Kneed Gulch."

Do you think that all this noise scared our hero? I should say not. Symond was a true hero, and not at all afraid of mere words. Nevertheless, he realized that caution was the mother of preservation, and he was still a firm believer in mother.

As he listened he heard Pete shout, "Lead me to him," and slammed the door behind him. "Here is my chance," said Symond to himself. Cautiously he stole to the garret, where he knew little Nell was to be found. Sure enough, there he found her, gagged and tied to the ceiling. Losing no time he pulled out his gun and shot away the gag from her mouth and the stout cords that bound her. With a shout of happiness she dropped into his waiting arms and then fainted. Real heroines, of course, seldom faint nowadays; but our little Nell was so sweet and effemin-

ate that she had to do it, and besides she needed a rest. Poor Nell!

"My darling hero," she purred as she came out of her trance. But what was that—a loud pounding on the steps leading to the garret. Instinctively, Symond realized that his imprudent shots had attracted his enemy. Quickly he locked the door. What was he to do? There were no windows, not a single avenue of escape. Curses!

"We are lost," sniffled Nell. This little remark hurt our hero, because he came from a family of very sensitive heroes. He passed it off, however; he dearly loved little Nell even though she did not place confidence in his miraculous resourcefulness.

"Not so," he cried, as an idea struck his keen mind. "Never will it be said that Symond Lick failed in a pinch." So saying he pulled out his guns and shot a hole in the roof large enough for himself to pass through.

"My hero," once more ejaculated little Nell.

"Don't be silly," disdainfully replied Lick.

Just as they scrambled through the hole in the roof the door behind them crashed to the floor and Bled-Eye and his men, shouting and swearing, thundered into the garret.

"There they go," cried Pete. "After them, my hearties. Cut out his heart but spare the gal." Seeing that his obedient men could not crawl through the hole, the resourceful Pete emitted a loud, shrill whistle.

To our hero on the roof a horrible spectacle presented itself. At the sound of the whistle, thousands upon thousands of Indians sprang from the woods and completely surrounded the shack.

Now, in reality, were they in grave danger; but we must still place our trust in the cleverness of our hero and the courage of our little Nell.

Suddenly the air became thick with flying bullets. These Indians were all excellent marksmen, but Symond's hypnotic eye once more stood him in good stead as it deflected by its hypnotism the bullets from their death-dealing course. Two stories below them Lick perceived a saddled horse. Here was his only chance. Seizing little Nell, he

threw her across his shoulder and as the bullets kept flying around him he leaped, landing squarely on the back of the horse, which nearly caved in two. Symond dug his spurs in the horse's side and made a desperate dash for safety. Away they flew through the horde of bloodthirsty Indians, our little Nell safely draped over one arm and in the other Symond's gat spitting

death. As they reached the top of Low-Down hill and safety, they gazed back and breathed a sigh of relief. There, framed in the doorway, stood Bled-Eye Pete wildly waving his fist and shouting "Curses on you Symond Lick; I'll get you in the next chapter"—but he never will because there is not going to be another chapter..

The Crip

THOMAS GRIFFIN, '28

LOVE is a beautiful thing. I know very little about it, but still I say it is beautiful. You might say that I am not qualified to speak of it at all, but as far as that goes, I believe that no one has ever looked into the depths of another's soul and really fathomed that mysterious, divine spark that inspires the acme of sacrifice. The poets have approved it, and the masters of music have even glimpsed it for a few fleeting moments, and tried to tell us what they saw, but our minds cannot understand. It is a universal theme, but is always regarded as something existing only between man and woman. There is something about the love of one man for another, however, that is infinitely more touching, infinitely more tender, infinitely more enduring than the former could ever be.

Waiting for an outbound freight, the Spider and the Weazel were carrying on a mirthful conversation.

"And say, Spider, you shoulda seen the look on his phiz when I ups and asks him for the dough. 'You been workin' my corner all mornin',' I says to him, 'an' I demands my share of the proceedings. Fork over!' Then he hollers in that crinkly voice of his—gee, Spider, that whine he's got gives me the creeps—'Say', he hollers, 'you lemme 'lone. I won't give ya a cent.' So I let's him have one, just slaps him down easy like, and takes it all away from him."

"Here comes the Crip now. Let's have some fun wid him, Weazel. C'mere you, Crip!"

"You lemme 'lone. I ain't done nothing to you," and the approaching figure let out a pitiful wail.

"You ain't huh? Ain't the Spider just been tellin' me you been workin' my corner again? Take that, you little—"

The Spider suddenly felt himself lifted clear off the ground, and then snorted as his grimy face was rubbed in the dust.

"Spider, you rat, if I ever find you hittin' this kid again, I'll break your neck! C'mon Kid, let's mooch. Takin' this freight?"

The Crip looked up gratefully at his benefactor, even laughed as strong arms picked him up and laid him on the dirty straw of the box car.

"Say," he chirped, "you're Slick O'Neil, ain't ya? I been hearin' about ya a lot."

"Righto, Kid, and you're the Crip. I've heard a lot about you too. You and I are pals from now on—just like David and Saul—get me?"

"Say, who're those rummies?"

Slick O'Neil laughed—I wish you could have heard that laugh of his,—and started in to explain the old story.

The Crip, as he was known, was a hunchback. Some accident in his childhood had bent him almost double, and no doctor had ever examined him with a view to remedying the defect. His face was wrinkled and warped so as to be almost repulsive. Constant kicks and jabs had crushed his spirit even more than his body, and he had become so accustomed to mistreatment, that he expected nothing else, and always ad-

dressed everyone in a pitiful, whining voice, that had become a permanent feature. He got along very well; his bent figure, when standing on any corner of any city, with his wail of "Help the poor, Mister," touched the hearts of a sufficient number of passers-by to earn him a living. He had no trouble in travelling from city to city. Years of practice had taught him to flip a freight with startling accuracy. He must have been somewhere around thirty years of age, no one knew. He just came from somewhere one day, and had been travelling "the circuit" ever since. As far as anyone knew, he had always looked just as he did then.

Slick O'Neil was obviously out of place as a bum. He was possessed of a fair education, and even years on the road could not remove the traces of the evident gentility and breeding of his youth. But in the clan of bums, no questions were ever asked about the past. That is an inviolable rule. In the hobo fraternity Slick was an aristocrat. Hailed at first as a softy, quick fists earned him lasting respect. Smooth and suave of manner, he scorned to panhandle, and earned his way by pulling an occasional job here and there, or even working a little confidence game when he managed to secure a suitable front.

Slick and the Kid palled around together for over a year. During that time the Crip learned a number of things he had never heard before. He often wondered why Slick, who was so good, who knew so much about the beautiful things of life, who was so obviously used to living decently, wanted to be a bum, but said nothing. Slick had his reasons and if he chose to keep silent about them that was his business alone. Slick was the boss, the master, he the willing slave. He followed him like a devoted mongrel from city to city, hung on his heels wherever he went, and "Slick's puppy-dog" became the standing joke of the "brotherhood." In all the time they were together Slick refused to let the kid work at all. It was a source of wonder to him that Slick never robbed any but the rich, and then only when the coffers of the partnership were exhausted.

Something had been obviously wrong with Slick now for the last month. Something was troubling him. The Kid said nothing, but waited for him to speak his mind. Then in Chicago one day it happened.

"Kid," he said one morning, "I'm going to leave you for a while—goin' home. I'll meet you next month in Buffalo, right by the water tank where I picked you up."

The Crip said not a word. No use to beg or plead. If Slick wanted him to go along he would say so. But as Slick turned and walked away, he felt that he would never see him again.

One month later the Kid was waiting at the old water tank. There he stayed for the next two weeks, never leaving except to beg a few nickels to buy a sandwich at Tony's down the street. For two months he stayed in Buffalo, waiting for word from Slick—word that never came.

Finally, his back bent even lower, if that were possible, he started out on the old grind again alone, searching everywhere for his pal. Entering a town, he would hobble at once into a saloon where he knew he would find a group of weary willies, and ask:

"Anybody here seen Slick O'Neil?"

A general laugh was always the only answer. Usually someone would aim a kick at him, and he would hobble out, cowering fearfully. He was certain that Slick's fate was common knowledge among the bums, and just as certain that no one would ever reveal it to him. It never occurred to him to think that Slick had deserted him. His was faith that could not be shaken. Slick would come to him if he could. He had said so, and that was enough. Slick wouldn't lie. He was in trouble somewhere, and it was up to him to find him and help him.

Six years passed like a dream for the Kid. His accustomed trips across the country grew fewer. He took to haunting the spot where Slick was to have met him. He spent one full winter in Buffalo, suffering terribly from the cold, but he felt that he couldn't afford to miss his pal if he should turn up. Then one day he ran into Spider and the Weazel.

"Still lookin' for your buddy, Kid?" sneered Spider, "Ho, ho, that's funny now, ain't it Weazel?"

"You know where he is, you ——," cried the Kid, "tell me, —— you, he needs me, I tell you!" And puny fists beat frailly upon the Spider's chest.

Then with a short chuckle, the Spider felled him with a blow to the weazened face, and the pair walked mirthfully off, leaving the Crip writhing on the ground.

A month or so later the Crip was standing in front of one of the large theaters in a town near Buffalo, waiting to try his luck with the crowd that would soon come out. The merry chattering throng soon began to surge out the wide doors, and the Kid was just preparing to look his worst and cry his best when a familiar figure passed in front of him. He looked, and a burning light gleamed in his eyes. At last! Slick! Not the Slick of old—dolloed up now—sleek, fat, and older looking, but Slick nevertheless! He fairly leaped upon the man.

"Slick," he cried gleefully, and then as he noticed the look of horror that sprang into the man's eyes, "Slick, don't you remember your old pal?"

He was pushed away, and for the first time he noticed that Slick was not alone. A woman held him arm, and with her was a little girl.

"John, dear," asked the woman, "who is this?"

"Really, dear, I don't know, I——"

"Slick, Slick, I bummed from here to Frisco twenty times lookin' for you. Don't say that, don't, I——"

He was shoved aside roughly, and the trio went on. For the Crip the end of the world had come. The only friend he had ever had gone back on him. His broken frame shaken with sobs, he followed slowly—he could do nothing else—hoping against hope that Slick was only fooling, that he would come back

and laugh, and slap him upon the back and say, "S'matter, Crip? Think old Slick would go back on you?"

The three in front stopped suddenly, the woman evidently wanting to go back, the man protesting. Crip stopped too, a quick hope born in his breast. Maybe Slick was only working this dame for some dough, and he might be crabbing his act. Maybe he,—but no, that was Slick's kid. He remembered now, she had called him daddy, and clung to him in fright when he had approached. She was pretty, too; looked just like Slick. Yes, that was Slick's kid all right; but where was she going, tottering gleefully out into the street after a flying bit of colored paper—an on-rushing taxicab. Slick's kid would be killed unless he, the pitiful little Crip, did something quick! With the little hop and a quick jerk that had helped him to flip so many freights in the past, he threw himself, seized the child and threw her clear with one motion, and fell with a sickening thud upon the back that was his cross through life. There was a terrifying screeching and grinding of brakes—screams from the women—blackness.

The Crip pulled himself out of a daze a few hours later to find Slick at his bedside.

"Crip, Crip, look at me. Don't die, Crip, you can't, can't, you hear? Crip, don't you understand? I wasn't a bum—I was framed and had to duck, see? When I came back I was all squared—she was waitin'—I had to stay—I couldn't go back, see? Crip, Crip, I—my baby—you saved her after I passed you up—I——" and his voice trailed off into nothingness.

With a heartbreaking effort the Crip felt for and found the man's hand, and gaspingly spoke, "Forget it, Slick. Of course I knew where you was all the time—just didn't want to butt in. I'm through, Slick, but this, this is the way I been wantin' to go out, for my pal's kid."



SPORT NEWS

Viking-Irish Struggle Grips Fandom

An impatient football world having champed at its bit since the crisp autumn mornings of September first arrived will breathe a sigh of relief Saturday afternoon when traditional Cartier Field resounds to the first game of the new season.

Half a hundred stalwart Vikings who shoulder the honor of Beloit College (Beloit, Wisconsin) on the gridiron will line-up against Notre Dame's Fighting Irish in the initial contest.

The few thousands who will throng the jousting place of Notre Dame's pigskin knights will be far inferior in numbers to those who will await the word that may grow, before the season is over, into another thrilling football saga.

From east and west and north and south, lovers of the great fall game are bending anxious eyes on Notre Dame. Desirous of learning just what genius Knute K. Rockne, premier gridiron taskmaster of the decade, will mould in his new eleven, they are looking forward intently to the test with Beloit. And somehow the rhythmic click of horsemen's heels sounds faintly in their ears.

BELOIT HAS BLOOD IN EYE

Beloit is considered an ample foe for Notre Dame's first task. Always up to a high standard in football skill, the Beloit eleven invades the threshold of the Irish this year with all its old time punch intact. Too, there is an additional factor that makes the doping of this year's game more complex. Although it has opposed Notre Dame many times in the past, Beloit has yet to annex a victory and seemingly worked to a fever pitch over a desire to defeat its rivals, the Beloit squad will put forth an extended effort to eke out a win from Notre Dame.

Nor will the Vikings be without the natural ability to turn the trick if the breaks

will so favor them. Assistant Coach Tommy Mills, who is specializing on Notre Dame's forward wall this year, was director of athletics and head gridiron mentor at Beloit for many years previous to this fall. Mill's adept tutoring at the Wisconsin school has left its deep imprint, and Saturday's foe will be fully equipped to make the Irish fight for their honors.

Campus grid experts will remember that Beloit, then considered as a set-up for the Irish, threw a scare into the Celt camp last October 10 when the Viking horde held the Irish to three touchdowns and itself scored a field goal. Undaunted at the decisive early season victories of Notre Dame, Beloit arrived with fighting zest and before the game had fairly begun, scored a field goal from the 30 yard line. The Irish soon jumped ahead but knew that they had been in a worthy tussle. And not a few of the men who made last year's Beloit team strong will again be on the firing line this year.

IRISH LOOK IMPRESSIVE

Three weeks of grimy toil, two of them under the survilant eye of Rockne, have worked miraculous changes in the Blue and Gold squad. Far as it is from a gridiron finesse, the Irish machine at least approaches model form and before many more weeks have passed Notre Dame men hope to see developed in it a crushing attack and unconquerable defense that will turn back the prize elevens of the east and west.

Still going about their work in a calm, nonchalant manner, the members of the coaching staff are laboring much and saying little. Their hopes are high but their promises are not being flared in scarlet letters. Many moves and counter-moves have been made in an attempt to get a well-timed machine into form for the first game. It is

probable that a majority of the 110 candidates who are after honors on the squad will be thrown into the fray, there to prove their ability to think and act under heat of battle.

First chance to witness the Irish in action came last week when the annual Freshman slaughter took place. Little definite information has leaked out as to the score of the game but reliable informants place an estimate at 112. At any rate the 80 varsity men who took part were hitting a lightning stride and rode rough shod over the Frosh. Yet, the strength of the Frosh forward passing offense was surprising to many of the fans.

Arrangements have been completed for the season's opener. Handling a capacity crowd has been facilitated by addition of a corps of 300 student ushers who will be in charge of seating at the five home games. The Notre Dame band, seventy-five strong, will make its initial bow at the Beloit struggle.

ARMY, NAVY, NOTRE DAME TRIUMVIRATE IS HINTED

Football prophets that find a queer delight in foreseeing big things which will happen in the grid world are already making predictions about the newest combine that has been brought to sport lovers' attentions.

And they seem to be making very pleasing predictions for their words concern none other than three of the most representative schools in modern football—Notre Dame, United States Military Academy (West Point) and United States Naval Academy (Annapolis).

Announcement to the effect that the Navy had been signed by Notre Dame for games in 1927 and 1928 has prompted the predictions of a new ruling factor in intercollegiate football. It has been officially stated that the Navy and Notre Dame will play on a home and home agreement.

Further indications, unconfirmed as yet, point to the possibility of the Army's coming west for its annual Notre Dame conflict after the two schools meet in their 1926 struggle. It has been stated in some quar-

ters that Notre Dame and Army elevens will clash at Soldier's Field, Chicago, in the fall of 1927.

The fact that both military schools will have a place on the Fightin' Irish schedule for at least the 1927 and 1928 seasons is a more potent one than appears at first sight. It is very probable that the three schools will continue to play among themselves.

The hallowed traditions that have been connected with the grid sport in these three schools will help much. Both Notre Dame and the United States schools have always stood for ideal sport and amicable play. Eager fans would probably acclaim the new triumvirate the outstanding one of the modern game.

For many years such combines as the Big Three, Western Conference, Pacific Coast Conference, Missouri Conference, and other minor ones, have held the limelight.

Indications that Notre Dame and the United States schools will meet in annual games on both eastern and middle western turfs are significant. It appears as the birth of a new league that would claim popularity in every corner.

COACH MILLS ASSUMES NEW DUTIES

Tommy Mills, ex-Beloit mentor, has taken up his new duties as assistant to Knute Rockne, famed Notre Dame grid mentor.

Mr. Mills brings with him a reputation that would do credit to any coach in the country.

Receiving his sheepskin from Beloit in 1905, after stamping his name indelibly in the Vikings' hall of fame as one of the best athletes turned out by the Red and Orange institution, he immediately assumed the coaching reins at the Rockford High School Rockford, Illinois, and during his regime of two years at that institution, turned out unbeatable teams, including a state champion aggregation.

For the next few years Mills played professional baseball in the Western, Three-I, and other leagues until 1912 when he again answered the lure of the pigskin, this time

as coach of the Omaha Central High School, Omaha, Nebraska.

His feat of winning two straight state football championships in four years brought him a contract with Creighton University in the same city, and he assumed his duties at the Jesuit school in 1915 as head coach of both basketball and football.

He remained at the latter institution turning out commendable teams in both sports, until 1920, when a desire to be of service to his former alma mater led him to sign a contract with Beloit as head coach of football and basketball.

His best coaching record was made while at his old school, his football team winning the Mid-western Conference Championship twice in four years. His cage teams, too, were far above the average as attested by the fact that his floor artists were undefeated three of the four years he coached them. Incidentally, it is well worth recalling that his fighting Viking eleven held the Fighting Irish combination last year to a 19 to 3 victory on Cartier field.

Coach Mills is exactly the type of intelligent, square-fighting coach that fits in so well with the Rockne system and his acquisition to the Irish forces is a ten-strike for the school.

FRESHMAN FOOTBALL BEGINS

More than 175 would-be Gipps, Stuhlrehers, and Walshes, in the incoming freshman class responded to Coach Basil Stanley's first call last Friday afternoon.

In contrast to last year's frosh team which numbered five backfield candidates to one line aspirant, this year's addition of yearlings has a more balanced ratio between the two sets of positions, with the line having a slight edge. However, the backfield cannot be underestimated for it will be fully as strong as last season's.

At the time of this writing there seems to be an abundance of good backs, wingmen, and tackles, while the main deficiencies seem to be the scarcity of dependable centers and guards. However, with the wealth of material on hand it ought to be compara-

tively easy for Coach Stanley to convert some extra tackle or flanker into a pivot-man or guard.

Several cuts have been made in the squad already, and with more in prospect the candidates will soon be trimmed down to a working combination.

While it is too early in the season to make a lot of predictions—that is more or less safe predictions about the prowess of the present freshman team, there is one safe prophecy which can be ventured from the form shown thus far, and that is that this year's yearlings will present a combination equal to last year's standard.

ABROTT HEADS YELL LEADERS

With five stiff home games facing them, Notre Dame men will find their task fully as difficult as that of Rock's Fightin' Irish gridders, who will essay a ten game schedule without a hitch.

Always famed as parts of a great spirit that might rise to any occasion, upholders of the Blue and Gold have a responsibility which cannot be taken lightly. Cheering, organized effort to aid the general cause, is the average Notre Dame man's method of helping.

A crack cheering staff, overflowing with life and ambition, will be on hand to make Cartier Field resound with yells and songs. With the advantage of at least a year's experience this year's yell staff is expected to deliver the real goods.

Bernie Abrott, able California contortionist, who has done his stuff at Cartier Field for the past two seasons, is in the thick of things again and will have charge of the yell squad. He is to be aided by "Zip" Salmon and "Pep" Mannix, former Freshmen yell leaders, and possibly other acrobats.

Rehearsing of yells and songs will be a feature of the Freshman program this week and Yell Master Abrott expects the Class of 1930 to play an important part in the football role.

As usual a special student section will be assigned so that concentrated cheering can be had.

Speaking Of A Genuine Thrill

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the first of a series of articles in which the athletes who are making Notre Dame football relate gridiron plays or incidents which gave them their greatest thrill. Tom Hearndon and Gene Edwards, co-captains of the 1926 varsity, are the first to unravel their yarns. Others will follow in succeeding issues.

o o o

BY TOM HEARDEN

TO GET a kick out of life once a year is pretty good but to get a real thrill twice in one Saturday afternoon is batting a little bit higher than the average. I think that the Notre Dame-Minnesota game of October 24, 1925, afforded me a couple of experiences which I shall not forget very soon.



Maybe it was the setting of the game, dramatic background I suppose you would call it, that put things on edge. Whatever the reason was I got a treat from that contest and I hope that I'll be fortunate enough to get another one before this year is over.

The team was a little bit demoralized, I think, because of the defeat it had received the week before in New York at the hands of the Army. The boys had their fighting blood up all right but just the same the medicine was a little bitter to swallow. We went to Minnesota with all the cannons loaded.

Our fellows worked pretty well right from the beginning and shortly after the first whistle, had scored. Then Minnesota started to work and before the quarter was over had tied the score at seven all. It was an exciting quarter without question.

I was sitting on the sidelines during the first half but it was then that the first thrill came. Almquist and Joesting, Gopher backs, got pretty hot and, shortly after the second quarter had begun, planted the ball on our two yard line. Joesting fumbled on an intended buck and Parisien, playing his first game, picked up the ball on his goal line and ran 85 yards to the Gopher 15 yard line. The half ended 7 to 7 but something shivery ran down my spine when Pary stepped out and ran wild.

The team battled evenly during the third quarter and it looked like a tie when the fourth quarter started. We got moving right, though, and during the last period we ran the ends and hit the line and threw a pass occasionally until the Minnesota team was almost up the river. We scored two touchdowns and won, 19 to 7.

That last quarter was a second thrill within a day because I could feel that we were coming back and that the Army sting was working out of our systems.

BY GENE EDWARDS

I DON'T have to get far away from home to relate the greatest thrill I ever had in a football suit because it happened right in our back yard and it was such a comparatively short time ago that the details pour out without any trouble.

You probably wouldn't have to take more than three guesses to find out that the game was played against Northwestern on the third Saturday of last November, the twenty-first I believe it was.

Everytime I think of that game I feel sort of peculiar because it dawns on me that things were so close that afternoon that almost any little break would have spoiled things for us.

It was the biggest game of the year and we were pretty anxious to knock off the Purple. They had been playing up the game a lot and so when we took the field the circumstances were just a little different from those of most other games.

It doesn't need to be repeated very much that Northwestern had things its own way throughout the first half. It didn't romp off at all but it did pile up a substantial lead. You remember that "Moon" Baker made a dropkick from the thirty yard line in the first quarter and Tim Lowry, the fighting center and captain of the Purple eleven, crawled to a touchdown just before the gun for the first half was ready to be shot.

A lot had been said previous to the game about Notre Dame's not losing a game at Cartier Field for twenty-one years and believe me that rest between halves was gruesome. First I thought of the 10 to 0 score and then of that unbroken string and between the both of them I saw that something ought to be done.

You can talk about getting a kick out of something if you want to but if I ever get a greater one than I did out of that Northwestern tilt, it'll be a sweet surprise. We received the kick-off in the second half on our own ten yard line and carried it 90 yards without a hitch for a touchdown. Then we took the kickoff again at almost the same place and, with the exception of one exchange of punts, carried it through for another straight 90 yards and a second touchdown. Red Hearndon was stiff-arming that afternoon and Rex Enright was plunging like a tractor with an aeroplane engine and Chris Flanagan's snaky hips were bouncing off the tackles and ends for eight or ten yards at a smack. Losing the ball but once in eight minutes and meantime marching 180 yards for two touchdowns which won a great football game were enough to make anybody's nerves dance around for a while.



SIGN FRESHMAN GRID TUTOR

Coach Keogan, last year's freshman football mentor and varsity basketball and baseball tutor, has decided to devote all of his time this fall to preparing his diamond aspirants for a thorough autumn practice in preparation for an arduous spring campaign next year. Accordingly Basil Stanley, a former Notre Dame man and graduate of St. Mary's College (California), has been appointed in his stead to instruct the yearlings.

Coach Stanley, although a new-comer to Irish coaching ranks is well-known around this vicinity as he is a graduate of the South Bend High School where he starred for three years at tackle on gridiron combinations. After spending a year at Wabash Mr. Stanley entered Notre Dame, and, resuming his old role at tackle, proved to be one of the Gold and Blue's main bulwarks in that position in 1916 and 1917 until the war

unfortunately interrupted his collegiate course.

Resuming his pigskin activities after the war Stanley was appointed head line coach at the Illinois Coaching School, held in the summer of 1919, and in 1921 he entered St. Mary's to demonstrate his skill at tackle until his graduation in 1922.

Immediately following his graduation the University of Arizona put in a bid for his services as head football line coach, and also as head basketball and track mentor. He served at this institution until 1924 when the University of Arkansas claimed him as head football tutor, only to have San Mateo College in California contract for his services in a like capacity the next year.

He resigned his position at San Mateo this year in order to take his Master's degree at Notre Dame and he was immediately tendered the first year coaching assignment as part of his course.

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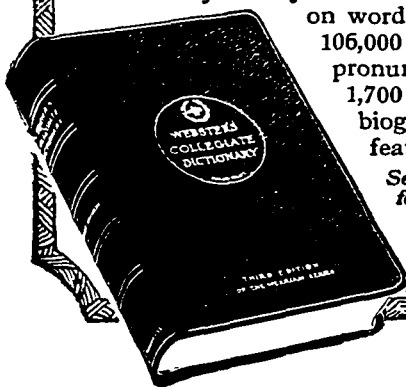
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ENTHUSIASM GRIPS

INTERHALL CIRCLES

The wave of athletic enthusiasm which swept over the campus with the re-opening of school has not been confined to varsity and freshman athletes alone but has left a horde of enthusiastic hall athletes in its path.

Interest in this feature of the Notre Dame athletic system reached a high stage last year when struggles for honors in each of the four major sports as well as several of the minor ones became exceedingly warm.

Many of the rector's have already outfitted their teams and are preparing to start extensive practice sessions. Assistant Coach Tommy Mills, who is to direct all athletic activities during the ensuing year, will have some definite statements soon and release of the hall football schedules is expected to be forthcoming from Mills' office.

The caliber of the material that exists in the various halls at this time is problematical but it is sure that capable athletes will cavort in defense of their halls' honors.

Badin, whose football and basketball teams romped through to championship honors last year, is again in line for attempts at titles. Corby is said to be taking its fourth successive baseball pennant as inevitable although underclass halls are becoming peeved at the monopoly.

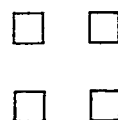
Rev. E. Vincent Mooney, C.S.C., who now looks after the interests of Freshman Hall, is satisfied that the track cups which grace the Cardboard Palace trophy room as a result of 1926 indoor and outdoor track and field championships will not need moving. Father Mooney is reported to have signed an all-star coaching staff that will not admit of a superior on the campus. Its personnel is slated to be released during the next week.

NOTED VISITOR HERE

M. Pierre Aubert, graduate of Holy Cross of Neuilly, Paris, and the Ecole Polytechnique, was a recent visitor to the University. He spent several happy hours with his for-

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mer professor, the Very Rev. Father Francis, who resigned during the past year from the post of Superior General of the Holy Cross order. M. Aubert was particularly interested in studying the American boy at school and intends on his return to Paris to write an article on Notre Dame for La Croix.

M. Aubert is the nephew of M. Joseph Aubert, the artist, whose masterpiece, the *Burial of Christ*, hangs in the reference room in the library. The acquisition of this exquisite work by Notre Dame was the result of a previous visit on the part of M. Aubert.

DOMES JUMPS THE GUN

The Dome under the three cornered leadership of Layne, Novak and Williams has jumped the gun to an earlier start than ever before. The most essential feature of the early work consists in the boosting of the circulation. This is a most important factor in the progress and success of the book because it serves the editors as a barometer in both the number of books desired by the campus and the amount of money with which they will have to work. All who have not signed up for the Dome may do so at any time with Bart McCue in main building news stand.

Contracts have been signed with the Pontiac Engraving Company of Chicago and the Russell Studios of the same city. These two companies have proven their ability to turn out excellent work by their past performances on the Dome. The Russell Photographers have already taken the scenic section and it promises to be an improvement even on the beautiful section in last year's annual.

Many interesting changes are planned by the editors this year. For the present most of these cannot be divulged; but we feel safe to say that providing the action follows the present plans the Dome of twenty seven will create a most favorable impression on the student body about the middle of next May.